

While puss was beating the billows at sea, poor Whittington was cruelly beaten at home by the cross cook, who made sport with him for sending his cat to sea. At last the poor boy, not being able to bear the ill usage any longer, determined to run away. He packed up his few



things, and set out very early in the morning, on Allhallow's-day: having

ing travelled as far as Holloway, he sat himself down to rest on a stone, which to this very day goes by the name of Whittington's stone, when Bow Bells began ringing, and his imagination fancied they invited him to return, by expressing the two following lines :—

Turn again Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London.

Lord Mayor of London, said Whittington to himself; what would one not endure to arrive at the honour of riding in such a grand coach with eight horses: well, I'll e'en go back, and bear all the pummelling of Cicely, rather than lose the pleasure of being Lord Mayor. So home he runs, and got into the house, before Mrs. Cicely made her appearance, and it was lucky he did, else he had received a good trimming for being absent; but he, like a good boy, resolved